get my wife into corners.

Ies. Nay, you neede not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out; he tels me flatly, there's no mercy for me in heauen, because I am a Iewes daughter: and he sayes you are no good mẽber of the Common-wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Christians, you raise the price of Porke.

Lor. I shall answere that better to the Common-wealth than you can the getting vp of the Negros belly; the Moore's with childe by you *Lancelet*?

Clowne. It is much that the Moore should be more then reason: but if she be lesse then an honest woman, shee is indeede more then I tooke her for.

Lor. How euery foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the best grace of wit will shortly turne into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none onely but Parrats. Go in sirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done sir, they haue all stomackes.

Lor. Goodly Lord what a wit-snapper are you: then bid thẽ prepare dinner.

Clo. That's done to sir, onely couer is the word.

Lor. Will you couer than sir?

Clo. Not so sir neither, I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion, wilt thou shewe the whole wealth of thy witte in an instant? I pray thee vnderstand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: Goe to thy Fellowes, bid them couer the table, serue in the meate, and we will come in to dinner.

Clo. For the table sir, it shall be seru'd in, for the meate sir it shall be couered, for your comming in to dinner sir, why let it be as humors and conceits shall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deere discretion, how his words are suted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An army of good words, and I do know
A many fooles that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksie word
Defie the matter: how far'st thou *Iessica*?

And

And now good sweet say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord *Bassanios* wife?

Ies. Past all expressing, it is very meete
The Lord *Bassanio* liue an vpright life,
For hauing such a blessing in his Lady.
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, then
In reason he should neuer come to heauen.
Why, if two Gods should play some heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Euen such a husband hast thou of me,
As she is for wife.

Ies. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that.

Lor. I will anon, first let vs go to dinner.

Ies. Nay, let me praise you while I haue a stomacke.

Lor. No prethee, let it serue for table talke,
Then howsoere thou speakst mong other things,
I shall digest it.

Ies. Well, ile set you forth.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificos, Anthonio, Bassanio and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?

An. Ready, so please your Grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A stony aduersary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapeable of pitty, voide and empty
From any dram of mercy.

An. I haue heard,
Your Grace hath tane great paines
To qualifie his rigorous course:
But since he stands obdurate,